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H. S. VAN EATON, Editor.

"THE UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION."

OWEN S. KELLY, Publisher.

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BOOK, AND JOB WORK, of all description, executed at this office, at New Orleans prices, with neatness and despatch.

POETICAL.

The following, which we find wandering about among our exchanges, we regard as too bright a gem to have merely a transient newspaper existence, and then be thrown aside as a wail unclaimed, unthought of, and in the rush of the world forgotten. It has been set to music, and others it seems will not willingly allow it to die. Many are the fragments we thus encounter, the writers of which are never known, but which, truly, "breathe around nature an odor more exquisite than the rose, and shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning," more soothing than Hesperian Zephyrs, whispering in leafy groves—when Summer evening's twilight, invites to calmness and repose:

GENTLE EVA.

BY MRS. H. NICHOLS.

Have you heard the touching story,
Told so sadly of that clime,
Where the rose in crimson glory,
Brightens all the Summer time?
It tells us of a gentle maiden—
Golden-haired and starry-eyed—
Young in years, but thought o'erladen.
Who in angel beauty died.
Gentle Eva—loving Eva,
Sleeping by the ebbing wave,
Wail or woe shall never grieve her,
Shrouded in her mossy grave.
Once she wept o'er wrong and sorrow,
Childish tears so wisely shed;
Birds of Eden, on the morrow,
Warble dirges o'er her head.
Velvet leaf and snowy blossom,
Crowned her young and radiant brow,
O'er her white and heaving bosom
Little hands are folded now.
Gentle Eva—loving Eva,
Sleeping by the morning tide!
Never more shall sorrow grieve her
Who in angel beauty died.

[ORIGINAL.]

The Moslem Rule in Spain.

BY SIGMA.

The glory and grandeur of nations, which are now no more, is learned from the records, which their genius have left. The song of Homer, the meditations of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, have rendered the beautiful foster children of the blue Mediterranean immortal. The heroes of Virgil, the lyrics of Horace, and the Coliseum stand as monuments of the seven hilled city's pride; but monuments only, they are; their glory has departed, and only the gorgeous hues of their sun now set, is seen to linger around them.

And so it is with Spain, her brightest days are passed. The chivalrous era, in which Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, was defeated, saw her glories brought to light—then arose, "palaces and piles stupendous," which yet adorn with time-tinted beauty, the fairest land on earth.

The Alhambra, in wondrous beauty crowned, was then made queen of the fertile vega, and through marble halls wandered warriors proud and women lovely.

Nature seems to have been lavish in her gifts, and to have showered on her the richest blessings. Her groves rich in orange and myrtle are fanned by the breezes of the generous southern clime, and the cypress marks the graves of those who fell in manly strife, or spent their last breath in pious devotion; their faces turned toward the city of their prophet. Under the plastic sway of moonlight the Alhambra seems to regain its pristine glories. Every rent and chasm of time—every mouldering tint and weather stain is gone; the marble resumes its original whiteness; and the long colonades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illumined with a softened radiance—we tread the enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

Where are now the noble palaces and pleasant groves, which once adorned this beautiful southern land? Go, ask the piles of ivy covered ruins; ask them where their builders and masters are; ask them where are those fair beings who flitted through their long corridors like lovely fairies; and they will tell you that, like themselves, they are moulder-

ing in the dust. Now the gloomy buildings of the Inquisition loom against the sky, their dark walls are emblems of deeds done in them. The rays of the morning sun no longer gild the lofty minarets, the Paynim no longer lifts his voice in simple supplication.

The ancient kingdom of Granada was one of the most mountainous regions of Spain. Vast Sierras or chains of mountains, destitute of shrub or tree, and mottled with variegated marbles and granites elevated their sunburnt summits against a deep blue sky; yet in their rugged bosoms lie ingulfed verdant and fertile valleys, where the desert and garden strive for mastery, and the very rock is as it were compelled to yield the fig, the orange and the citron, and to blossom with the myrtle and the rose.

While Granada could boast of her Alhambra, Cordova had her mosque, Seville her alcazar, and other cities too numerous to mention, contained stately domes and princely mansions, in which the gothic and moorish styles of architecture were beautifully blended, forming a building at once symmetrical and durable. Every mountain pass was guarded by an impregnable fortress. On the approach of an enemy, if in the day, pillars of smoke were seen to ascend heavenward, and if at night, bright fires illumined the mountain heights, to warn the country of danger, and to gather forces to oppose the invaders. Every one from the most noble prince to the humblest beggar, was a poet and a musician by nature. Each glorious exploit was sung in rhythmic numbers, and the misfortunes of men were related in song. So common was this that it might almost be said they conversed in poetry. And this seems by no means strange when we recollect that this climate was peculiarly adapted to strengthen the imagination, and prosaic language was found inadequate to express their feelings.

But this people once so famous for their architecture so renowned for their deeds in arms, are now no more. And as a celebrated writer has truly remarked—"Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco Spaniards."

Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa and ceased to be a nation.

They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people! The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages, refuses to acknowledge them except as invaders and usurpers.

A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation.

Such is the Alhambra, a moslem pile in the midst of a christian land; an oriental palace amid the gothic edifice of the west; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, flourished and passed away.

LEGAL ANECDOTE.—In the heat of an August afternoon, Mr. G—, a lawyer out West, who is somewhat energetic in speaking, was "summing up" with his usual zeal, on behalf of his client, before Squire Cain, and a crowd of spectators then and there assembled. While G— was putting in his "biggest ticks," a quizzical chap got behind him, and went to tickling his ear with a straw. The Justice liked a joke and kept still. G—, supposing it was flies, brushed one ear then the other, but persevered in his speech, amid a subdued tittering.

Finally, as G— happened to be pressing some novel point of law to the justice, his friends behind put the "dea in his ear" a little more sensitively. As G— brushed his hand at the fly a little more fiercely, the Justice burst out laughing, whereupon G—, bringing his fist almost in contact with the head of the magistrate, rebuked him as follows:—"Your honor may laugh—but such is the law!"

EXTRACT FROM A "PRIZE TALE."—Beautifully gorgeous was the sunset sky: the last notes of the summer birds fell upon the ear as they retired to their resting places in the green forest, and everything whispered of love as I stood with my love in a beautiful garden, regaled by the odor of a thousand flowers. Gently I drew my arm round her delicate waist, and was about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, when she looked at me sanely in the eyes, and with a smile upon her countenance, she said, "Don't," and I don't.

The first expedition around the world from the United States, was fitted out in Boston, in 1797, Samuel Brown, Esq., and others in the ship Columbia, Capt. John Kendrick, attended by the sloop Washington—a happy combination of names for such an undertaking. Medals were struck commemorative of the event, and to perpetuate the discoveries they might make, and one or more of these medals were left at every new place visited. The medal had on it a full rigged ship and sloop, encircled with the words "Columbia and Washington," on the reverse, "fitted at Boston, North America, for the Pacific Ocean, by J. Barrell, S. Brown, C. Bullfinch, I. Darby, C. Hatch, and M. Pintard, 1797." Capt. Kendrick made the circuit of the Globe, going out around Cape Horn, and running down the whole coast of America, he crossed over to China, and thence, via Cape of Good Hope, returned to Boston.

Loose Leaves.

FROM THE LIFE OF A "PROFESSOR."

Written for The Musical World & Times.

Commiserating reader! My name is George Frederic Handel Phingephuli. I was brought up to handle Pianos, organs, flutes, fiddles; and in using rosin was not considered a stick, with remarkable ease of adaptation I found myself a knowing chap among the boys.—Fiddles fluttered with a tender sentiment as I tickled their strings with a lover's hand; and when I blew the flute, ladies' faces dissolved into a liquid love of admiration.

Moreover, my father's shelves groaned with scores of music books, from the little opera to the grandest oratorio; and when I gazed upon their unstudied contents, I felt my blood running cold with remorse in view of my stupid neglect of these valued treasures. But concerts, balls, parties, musical soirees and serenades succeeding each other with fearful rapidity, left me little time for severe discipline. Other intellectual or musical. Still, let me not complain. They were happy days, too soon passed away!

By twelve years' previous patriarchal advice I was initiated a "professor" at eighteen years of age. I began my labors with every element of intrinsic and extrinsic success. My ear was so quick that I could instantly detect the difference in pitch between the night-yells of two cats, and as their recitations approached a climax, I was maddened beyond degree, if they varied from unison a hair's breadth. Then my fingers had acquired a superhuman digital dexterity. Not only could I perform "such tricks before high-heaven as would make angels weep," but in my extemporaneous performance I absolutely astonished my inner self! Think, incredulous reader, of the ecstasy of a surprise like this! Of course, troops of friends were completely dumb at these exhibitions of my facile finger. They proposed that their daughters

Be taught to play
In the same way.

See me, then, by special engagement, wending my way to the house of Miss Maria Louisa Snip, only daughter of Mr. John Snip, pork merchant. Snip himself was sleek, rubicund, and a millionaire. You could see, in his eye, pictures of forty thousand hogs soon to be sold at an immense advance, in some grand Cincinnati speculation. His house in ——— Avenue, was fixed up according to the most approved upholsterer's views; and the smell of the sausages rarely profaned its patchoulied precincts. Mrs. Elizabeth Snip, in Snip's and her own estimation, was the perfect embodiment of a superior woman. True, she eyed you very much as a cat does and innocent mouse, not, by any means, for the purpose of pouncing upon you in the manner of those animals; but only for prudent and economical purposes. She had her own interests to look after, therefore she was thoroughly posted up in all the most curious of women's and men's myriad menaces. Mr. John Snip had been a world of study to her in these respects, and doubtless, his admiration of her superior powers was in great part due to her quiet canceling of his entire merits and hearty adoption of all his views.

"My dear," said Snip, "this is Mr. Phingephuli, who has come to teach Maria Louisa how to navigate the pianer."

I made my best bow to Mrs. Snip, who received my salutation by lowering her entire form from about half an inch from its ordinary height. Shade of Rossini, protect me! For a moment, I was bored as with a gimlet, by the power of her small gray eye.

"How long will it take my daughter to learn to play the pianer, Mr. Phingephuli?" asked Mrs. Snip, with a face furrowed more by avare than age.

"Well, that depends, ma'am," said I, "very much upon what kind of an ear and hand she has."

"She is not deficient in ear," promptly put in Mr. Snip; "and as to her hand, you will find it ain't no common hand, sir, it being muscular and big enough to stretch the octavo with ease. My dear! call Maria and let the gentleman see for himself."

"Maria!"—shouted the mother.
Miss Maria Louisa soon appeared.

"Maria,—Mr. Phingephuli!"—Mr. Phingephuli, my daughter!

Mr. Snip was unique and finished in his way. Considering his introduction entirely satisfactory, I approached Miss Snip, and asked "the favor of her hand."

Now Miss Maria Louisa was a robust girl of about sixteen years of age, with her father's smooth, self-complacent expression of face and her mother's unshadowy substantiality of form. Miss Snip blushed. She evidently did not expect to find a yet in me. My question was unpremeditated; yet, seeing her confusion and with my usual instantaneous recognition of the proprieties due on all such occasions, I took her hand in my own, and commenced an anatomical examination of its muscular arrangements. By this time Miss Snip was undeceived, and I said that hers was a magnificent hand for the modern style of piano-playing.

"Do you really think so?" said she. "I wish it was smaller."

"Ah! that indeed!" said I; "but nature is very eccentric in these matters, and we must take that venerable lady as we find her."

self, I had played about a minute and a half and was taxing my powers to the uttermost to produce a neat and inapproachable effect, when Mrs. Snip put in a question:—"Can't you play us a pretty tune, Mr. Phingephuli?"

I bowed with inward vexation; but, brought up, as I had been, in a gentlemanly way, I showed not the first faint shadow of an external perturbation. I played on. At a half cadence, previous to the climax in the sonata Mr. Snip expressed his wish:—"I would like to hear a favorite old tune of mine, called Boneparte crossing the Rhine. Do you play it, Mr. Phingephuli?" elevating his voice.

I thought of Mazepa, pursued by wild boars. Like that rider of old, I lashed myself still tighter to my musical steel, and dashed on. A double shake was expected on the final cadence. Quivering internally with conflicting emotions, yet my face pale and calm to sadness, I struck the last chords, and turned round, panting for a word of sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snip, had left the room. Miss Maria Louisa Snip was before the mirror smoothing into submission a truant curl!

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—The Ripon, which brought home the Indian mail, brings accounts of the "discovery" of a buried city in Egypt, named Sackarah. It seems to be situated about 5 hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. An Arab having observed what appeared to be the head of a Sphinx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance, who commenced excavating, and laid open a long buried street, which contained 88 granite sarcophagi, each of which weighed 68 tons, and which formerly held evidently the ashes of sacred animals. The French gentleman has got a grant of the spot from the Egyptian Pacha, and has exhumed great quantities of curiosities, some of them ancient earthenware vessels of diminutive size. This street, when lit up at night, forms a magnificent sight. It is upwards of 1,700 yards in length. Many of the curiosities dug out have to be kept buried in sand to preserve them from perishing. At Alexandria, just above the square, and near the Greek church, there had also been laid open, very recently, the foundation of what is believed to be the once famous Alexandrian Library, destroyed by the Caliph Omar. The ruins dug from this spot, which consist chiefly of bricks, are being sold for ordinary purposes. During the day of mail steamer Ripon, at Alexandria, at the beginning of this month, the Admiralty agent of her, Lieutenant Newham, visited this spot, and he states that he saw there large quantities of calcined earth and blackened bricks, the effects of fire. Lieutenant Newham brought away with him, and has now at Southampton, a drawing from a handsome sculptured blue granite stone found amongst the rubbish on this spot. The drawing represents a winged sphere, underneath which is a figure like a balloon sitting, with uplifted hands. Below this are the figures of what are believed to be kings, over the heads of which are a quantity of hieroglyphics, seemingly a record of their names and titles.

FREE-SOIL CUSTOMS.—Here is an item which is not to be found in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or any of the other works of negro-philists now extant. It is copied from the New York Sun:

Violent Assault Upon A Boy.—A publisher residing in West 17th street, was yesterday arrested by officer Wyman, of the 2nd District Police Court, charged with violently treating a lad, 9 years of age, named Joseph Waters, who had been apprenticed to him. The boy makes affidavit that the accused tied his hands and feet, stopped his mouth, and then beat him in a most outrageous manner. The boy exhibited portions of his person to the magistrate, and although the beating took place on Friday last, his body was scarred with the marks of the stick, and presented a shocking appearance. The accused was held to bail by Justice Meech in the sum of \$500 to answer the charge.

SHORT AND SWEET.—Messrs. Phelps and Lamb, two members of Congress from Missouri, took it into their heads recently to address a letter, of nearly a column in length, to Col. Benton, their colleague in the next Congress, asking for information on various points in reference to the policy of Missouri Democrats in supporting the administration. It was suspected their policy was to trap old Bullion; but the following reply which he gave them settled the business:

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10, 1850.

To Messrs. Phelps and Lamb:—GENTLEMEN Your communication of this day's date is just received, and as it bears internal evidence of having been prepared for publication, I conform to its intention by remitting it to Missouri for that purpose.

Very respectfully, gentlemen, your ob't serv't

THOMAS H. BENTON.

ADVANTAGES OF QUAKERISM.—According to the late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect is fifty-one years, two months and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of life the world over is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. "The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely, but preserve a composed demeanor always.

The Duty of the Democracy to the Democratic Press.

To the party press political aspirants and political organizations owe their success.—Weak as an individual paper may be, by the dissemination of public documents and the wide dispersion among the people of the thoughts of able men, it exercises a powerful influence upon the public mind. There are charges daily to be met, falsehoods hourly to be corrected; misrepresentation of motive and policy that must be counteracted by explanation and discussion, or a party would be overwhelmed by the vigorous onset of its opponents. This duty must be performed by the party press. It devolves expenses; it drives away business; it creates enemies. There must be moral courage as well as pecuniary means to sustain a journal under such untoward circumstances. It would naturally be expected that the party would sustain its organ; that individual democrats would not only give their necessary business to such an office, but would use their best exertions to strengthen and encourage its publisher by using their influence to increase his subscription and number him with profitable work.—We regret to say such is not the case. The party journal, particularly the democratic journal, is too often left to stagger along as best it may, not only unrequited for its labors, but absolutely unpaid for the legitimate work it has done during an exciting canvass.

Democrats are principally laboring men. Their interests frequently conflict with those of a class, properly entitled capitalists. At all events, even if it should not be the case, there is in legislation both for the city and State, a distinction made in favor of capital against labor. It is then the interest of the laboring classes to have a journal to defend their rights. It is their duty to foster that journal. They owe it to the man who embarks in their cause, and thus forfeits, to some degree, the approbation of the capitalist, to labor for the successful defence of their interests. Without pecuniary means he is powerless.—Unless they exert themselves on fitting occasions, he will fail to obtain the position for acquiring independence in his vocation.

There is, then, a claim which a party journal has after the success of its party upon those elected, which no neutral paper can possess. Neutrality does not endanger business interests. Neutrality does not benefit the successful party. The independent journal is a species of camp follower, who stands aloof out of danger during the progress of the fight, but comes in to strip the dead and plunder the camp when the victory is won. It has shown no gallantry on either side. It has added nothing to the cause of the victors.—Should it enjoy the spoils?

The laboring man is unable to give away fifty or one hundred dollars in a base of emergency for party purposes. He must upon his party organ to foot the bill, as well as to do hot work in the front of the battle. We are prepared to prove that during the last four years we have done work for the democratic party to an amount exceeding \$1,500, for which not one cent has been paid; but the neutral or independent press, has uniformly charged and exacted payment for all such work. There is nothing gratuitously done by the neutral press. It is not expected; nor do we look for party support in its columns.

If it chance to throw a shot into the camp of our enemy to-day, we very reasonably expect to receive a broadside from it ourselves to-morrow. What claims, then, has the neutral press upon our party for public printing, when the party has it to bestow.

We cannot conceive it possible, that when public work can be as well done by a party organ, as by a neutral press, that our political friends will be so forgetful of their own interest—may we not say their own duty—as to think of fostering a press from which it has received and can expect no benefit, to the exclusion of another which has lived only to support their cause. Party organization demands of officers elect a proper disposition of their patronage. Future success is dependent upon fortifying ourselves in a position won. New Orleans has been made democratic only by a vehement struggle. It is to the credit of the party press, that the facts and the arguments which have changed popular opinion have been promulgated. It has formed and characterized every movement. It has brought the masses of that party up to the best points of assault upon whiggery. Shall the party press now be abandoned? Even the disabled common soldier retires into the hospital to spend in ease his declining years. Shall the partisan journalist be cast aside as useless, unrewarded, and almost despised, when his services has placed victories in the grasp of his friends?

Then all sense of justice—all ideas of policy—all regard for preserving what is won, must cease to have their influence upon the representatives elect through the labors of the democratic party.

Popular expressions often trace their origin to singular circumstances. An insane author once placed in a mad house employed most of his time in writings. One night, being thus engaged by aid of a bright moon, a slight cloud passed over the luminary, when in an impassioned manner, he called out, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon." The cloud became thicker and he exclaimed, "The stupid, he has snuffed it out."

An Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—

"Pat, what makes your face so red?"
"Please yer honor, I always blush when I speak to a gentleman."

Gleanings.

—The population of the Lackawanna valley, Pa., is said to have doubled in five years.

—The travel on the Ohio river is titich larger this spring than ever before.

—A vocalist says he could sing "Way down on Old Tar River," if he could only get the pitch!

—There are sixty-two wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers in Haverhill, Mass., doing business to the amount of over two millions of dollars annually.

—The Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad was to be opened to Wells river, ninety-one miles from Concord, N. H., on Wednesday last.

—Mrs. Frost, of the town of Madison, (late Eaton,) N. H., a lady now in her hundredth year is engaged in knitting a pair of woolen stockings for exhibition at the World's Fair at New York.

—A large white headed or Washington Eagle, a rare bird in that region, was lately shot near Ware village, Mass.

—George Clinton, Ellbridge Gerry, and William R. King, are the only Vice Presidents of the United States who died in office.

—The immigration to Australia from the port of New York, is increasing. At least six hundred persons have left that port for Australia in fifteen days.

—"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why, you see, my grand-mother's deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

—There are women enough in all science, but not conscience enough in all women—as the fellow said when the girl told him he needn't call again.

—Abd-el-Kader has addressed a letter to Lord Londonderry, thanking him for his exertions on his behalf. It is addressed "To his lordship, the magnificent, the highly exalted, the man of heart, the key of happy felices, before whom misfortune flies, the General Vane Londonderry, the Irishman."

—It is reported that Mr. J. B. Booth, Jr., has netted \$200,000 in California, partly from his profession and partly from business transactions, and is about retiring from the stage.

—M. Geizot has proposed the Hon. Edward Everett for corresponding member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science.

—"My wife died last night, and I can't cry to-day," observed a town crier to one of his customers.

—The cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them.

—A correspondence between the Government of Spain, France, England and the United States, relative to Cuba, has been alluded to in the British Parliament.

—£700,000 in gold have been received in England from Australia.

—The difficulties between Piedmont and Switzerland, and between Austria and Russia begin to assume a portentous aspect. France, it is said, is about to interfere.

—The Pope has positively declined to attend the coronation of Louis Napoleon.

—It is reported that evil power will shortly be substituted for military rule throughout Lombardy and that Marshal Radetzky will be recalled.

—It is told of Lord Northbury that, when passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow, you made a grasp at time; but you caught eternity."

—Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.

—Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger.

—The first interest of a country is the honor of its public men.

—Leisure for study, thought and social enjoyment, are to be counted as a part of one's income.

—"I'm not afraid of a barrel of hard cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not; from your appearance. I should think a barrel of cider would run from you," was the reply.

—An irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the "error of his way." During the chastisement the master exclaimed: "How long will you serve the devil?" "You know best, sir—I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

—The Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad Company is preparing to proceed at once with the erection of a bridge over the Susquehanna river. A survey is already in progress for the purpose of ascertaining the best point for its location.

—A man named Jacobs has been convicted at New London, Ct., of placing obstructions on the rails of the Willimantic Railroad, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the State Prison. A well merited punishment for such malice.

—During the last eleven years Boston has raised and expended for public school purposes \$2,810,862 40. Notwithstanding the excess of population in New York; Boston during the last five years has expended a larger amount for educational purposes than that city.

—"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope—but the popular study is how to make money out of him.